2:111ff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

with heavy boughs still fully leafed, kept the interior cool. An open porch sheltered the doorway. When his wife wiped the soil from her hands and entered the house, I intended to follow, but hesitated as I caught the odor of cooking meat. It came from a lard pail, propped on stones over an outdoor fire. She turned and motioned for me to lift the lid; she was pleased that they had fresh meat, for it was far from plentiful. Curious to know what she was cooking for the family dinner, I uncovered the pail.

Two large glassy eyes stared at me from above the boiling water, and made the cooking rabbit seem alive. The hairy ears stood erect increasing the impression. The skinned body had been crammed into the bucket, but the head had refused to remain submerged. The lid dropped, clattering from my hand. Since then I have not cared to eat rabbit!

The interior of Chickapanyegi's house was arranged like all well-kept Havasupai homes: rolled bedding in the depressions in the floor where the family slept; personal possessions tied in a cloth and hung above the bed; and the inevitable pole, just below the ceiling, loaded with rabbit skin blankets, fiber mats, Navaho blankets and clothing not in use. Poles supported drying ears of corn and spirals of squash that brushed the head and shoulders as one moved about within the house.

I wanted next to see Gentle Annie's home. Her house would not be neat and spotless if Gentle Annie was the housekeeper. She was old and tired from the wars she had survived and the hardships life had dealt her. I found her standing at the door of her dome-shaped wickiup. Her wrinkled face and bright black eyes held friendliness. That may have been why she was known to Indians and to whites as Gentle Annie, the only name I ever heard for her.

A brand-new bedroom chamber, pink roses painted on its yellow side, stood on a box near by—filled with delicately browned navy beans.

With toil-worn hands Gentle Annie reached up to the lintel, took down a hard, dry slab about twelve inches wide by sixteen

142
291
302
285
353

142
291
854

Fig. 13. Maturity. A, Lillian Faye, age 27 with son, Bernard, age two. B, Jack Jones, age 34. C, Viola Crook, age 41, with daughter, Betty Ann, age one. D, Ethel Jack, age 44. Viola and Ethel are sisters.